To *Bona* ſiſter to the king of Fraunce,
Theſe both put by a poore petitioner
A care-crazd mother of a many children,
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widow,
Euen in the afternoone of her beſt dlaies
Made priſe and purchaſe of his luſtfull eye,
Seduc t the pitch and height of al his thoughts,
To baſe declenſion and loathd bigamie,
By her in his vnlawfull bed he got.
This Edward whom our maners terme the prince,
More bitterlie could I expoſtulate,
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliue
I giue a ſparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall ſelfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie:
If not to bleſſe vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall ſtocke,
From the corruption of abuſing time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued courſe.
Maior. Do good my Lord, your Cittizens entreat you.
Cateſ. O make them ioifull grant their lawful ſuite.
Glo. Alas, why would you heape theſe cares on me,
I am vnfit for ſtate and dignitie,
I do beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buck. If you refuſe it as in loue and zeale,
Loath to depoſe the child your brothers ſonne,
As well we know your tendernes of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorſe,
Which wee haue noted in you to your kin,
And egallie indeed to all eſtates,
Yet whether you accept our ſuite or no,
Your brothers ſonne ſhall neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant ſome other in the throane,
To the diſgrace and downfall of your houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens, zounds ile intreat no more.
Glo. O do not ſweare my Lord of Buckingham.

Cateſ. Call them againe, my lord, and accept their ſuit.
Ano. Doe, good my lord, leaſt all the land do rew it.
Glo. Would you inforce me to a world of care:
Well, call them againe, I am not made of ſtones,
But penetrable to your kind intreates,
Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoule.
Couſin of Buckingham, and you ſage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare her burthen whether I will or no,
I muſt haue patience to indure the lode,
But if blacke ſcandale or ſoule-fac't reproch
Attend the ſequell of your impoſition,
Your meere inforcement ſhall acquittance mee
From all the impure blots and ſtaines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly ſee,
How farre I am from the deſire thereof.
Mayor. God bleſſe your grace, we ſee it, and will ſay it.
Glo. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.
Buck. Then I ſalute you with this kingly title:
Long liue Richard, Englands royall king.
Mayor. Amen.
Buck. To morrow will it pleaſe you to be crown'd.
Glo. Euen when you will, ſince you will haue it ſo.
Buck. To morrow then we will attend your grace.
Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewel good couſine, farwel gentle friends. *Exeunt.*
Enter Quee. mother, Ducheſſe of Yorke, Marques Dorſet, at one doore, Ducheſſe of Glocest. at another doore.
Duch. Who meets vs heere, my neece Plantagenet?
Qu. Siſter well met, whether awaie ſo faſt?
Duch. No farther then the Tower, and as I gheſſe
Vpon the like deuotion as your ſelues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.
Qu. Kind ſiſter thanks, weele enter al togither, *Enter*
And in good time here the Lieutenant comes. *Lieutenant.*
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?
Lieu. Wel Madam, and in health, but by your leaue,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22314) LONDON, 1597 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.44[4]) Octavo